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His holiness considered it; the father was "finally forced to give his consent to the marriage, and would doubtless have added his forgiveness if Roos had not been so extravagant." The morning after the marriage Roos rose early, and, taking all his wife's clothing and jewels, sent them to her father with the message that he only wanted his daughter, and that, although an animal-painter, he was abundantly able to support her. The father died of chagrin, and the daughter lived long enough to repent her choice. They went to Tivoli to live. Roos, who was very extravagant, and never had any money in his pocket, would often start out on horseback with his servant, and, halting at a wine-shop, he would dismount long enough to paint a picture, and then send it, all fresh as it was, by his valet to be sold. So great was the number of his works that he soon drugged the market, and they were often sold for a very small sum. Sometimes he would be absent from home a month at a time, leaving his wife in the greatest misery. He died in Rome at fifty.

With an episode in the life of Leonard Vander Roogen, we must conclude these "romances" of painters. Vander Roogen was born at Haarlem, of a family of artists and amateurs. He was a student of Jordaens, but, as he possessed an ample fortune, he only toiled for his pleasure. He was very timid and retiring, and so prudent and moral in his ways as to be joked by his careless friends. One day, towards twilight, while entertaining a gay party of friends in his studio, his domestic entered, saying that a young lady was in the adjoining *salon* to see him, and added some *plaisanteries à propos* to her good looks and his bachelor state. Embarrassed and annoyed at the joking, he arranged his toilet as well as he could, and, excusing himself, went out to see his visitor. It proved to be an acquaintance of his, and, after ordinary civilities, she paid him some compliments, and then said she had something to say to him, if he would promise not to reveal it. He promised, and she began: "My proposition, Herr Vander Roogen, will indeed surprise you, as it is not common; perhaps you will find it indiscreet. However, for myself, I regard it as reasonable, for the proverb says, 'No matter who asks, if the asking be appropriate.'

You are known and esteemed of my family and by me! You know me and what I am. We both live quite at our ease upon the property left us by our fathers; but our friends are rapidly passing away and we are growing no younger. Our friends die one after the other, and the greatest sorrow is, that it is often the best that we lose. As for our relatives, they are too rich to accept a home with us, or, if poor, are only too anxious we should die. It is for this reason that I am determined to marry, and, if I please you, I am disposed to choose you for my husband."

Poor Vander Roogen could only blurt out tremblingly, "But, Fräulein, but Frau—that appears to me very strange."

"I was quite ready for that reply," she said; "but look at the matter yourself. We are equal in birth and fortune. I have opened to you my heart; now question your own. In whatever way you shall decide, we shall always remain, as now, good friends." He remained a long time without saying a word, and then stammered: "But, Fräulein, oh, I do not know! get married! very well, yes; but that surprises me much."

She saw how much he was disconcerted, and endeavoured to put him at ease. She added gently that she had not come to terminate the affair, but simply to propose it, and that he could consider it as long as he wished, and then took leave.

When he re-entered his studio, he was met by a thousand queries from his friends, as to the object of the lady's visit; but he kept his promise and said nothing, although they had listened at the door, and heard the whole conversation. Quite naturally, he slept little that night, and arose at an early hour and went out to refresh his troubled body and mind by a walk in the public gardens. To his surprise he saw the young lady pass in front of him, which he thought very extraordinary. Collecting himself and making a desperate effort to approach her, he said, "Fräulein, nothing can come of that which we talked of last night." "All right, Herr," she replied, and, making him a reverence, they parted. Notwithstanding this adventure, he remained a bachelor. He designed with great intelligence, and painted both large and small pictures with excellent taste. He died in 1681.

MARY E. WAGER.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

J. ADAMS-ACTON, Sculptor.

W. ROFFE, Engraver.



HIS statue of Mr. Gladstone was executed in the sculptor's studio when he resided in Rome, and there Mr. Gladstone gave him several sittings, and also in England when both had returned home. It stands on the east side of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, near that of the late Earl of Derby, and was presented to the corporation of Liverpool

by a number of gentlemen, of all shades of political opinion, desirous of doing honour to their distinguished fellow-townsmen. Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered, is a native of the place; his father, the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., having been a wealthy merchant there.

Habited in the richly-ornamented costume of a Chancellor of the Exchequer—an office which the right honourable gentleman then

filled—he is represented standing firmly on the right leg, the left being slightly advanced; and on the latter rests the corresponding hand holding a scroll: the right arm is thrown easily across the chest, the forefinger of the hand pressed against a fold of the robe, while the thumb is inserted within the vest. The sculptor has given an expression to the face less severe and more composed, mentally, as it were, than artists generally portray Mr. Gladstone's countenance, and, indeed, as it ordinarily shows itself to all who meet with him personally: there are the lines which result naturally from a long life of political turmoil and much-varied deep thought, but all are softened down into comparative repose and gentleness. The statue is certainly the most pleasing portrait of the eminent statesman and author we remember to have seen, while both in design and execution it is a work exceedingly creditable to the artist.

THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

II.



OR scholarly culture, high imaginative power, and entire freedom from all conventionalism in the pursuit of his art, Mr. Leighton stands in the front rank of the first English painters. His great processional picture, 'The Daphnephoria,' which is to serve as a mural decoration to a country-gentleman's house, is a splendid example of his learning and academic skill, and reveals the highest qualities of Art in the painter. The 'Daphnephoria,' or festival

in honour of Apollo, was celebrated at Thebes in every ninth year, and it is related owed its origin to the following circumstance: An oracle had advised the Æolians to abandon their ancient possessions and go in quest of another settlement. It happened that they invaded the Theban territories, which at the time were pillaged by an army of Pelasgians. As the celebration of Apollo's festival was near, both peoples, who religiously observed it, laid aside all hostilities, and, according to custom, cut down laurel-boughs from Mount Helicon and walked in procession in ho-



THE RT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. D.C.L. &c. &c.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY J. ADAMS-ACTON.